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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, MAY 12, 1904. NUMBER 11

Heaven and Hell.

'Tis said there were no thought of hell
Save hell were taught; that there should be
A Heaven for all's self-credible.
Not so the thing appears to me.
'Tis Heaven that lies beyond our sights,
And hell too possible that proves;
For all can feel the God that smites,
But ah, how few the God that loves!

—Francis Thompson

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Dawn.—ERNEST MCGAFFEY....163
Notes....163
Editorial Wanderings.—J. LL. J....165
His Tomorrow—W. D. N....
Leclaire.—N. O. NELSON....166
The Fine Art of Living.—FLORENCE SHAW KELLOGG....167
The Minister.—WILLIAM BRUNTON....168
The People

PAGE

CORRESPONDENCE—
Is It Genuine?—W. C. G....166
THE PULPIT—
The Water of a City—The Water of Life—HENRY M. SIMMONS....168
Higher Living XLI....171
THE FIELD—
Western Unitarian Conference....175
Foreign Notes.—M. E. H....174

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

A SERMON OF TOWER HILL.

Text.—When as a boy Emerson went with his brother William to the Maine woods, he wrote to his Aunt Mary that he found enjoyment there, but not inspiration. "You should have gone alone," the sybil answered, and now he went to the woods near his door to find her words true.
From Biographical Sketch, Volume I., of the New Centenary Edition of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A vacation that gives enjoyment but no inspiration is disappointing; it is a lost opportunity. The rest that does not recreate is always followed by weariness; it is only one step further toward decay. To carry to the country a trunk full of city "duds" saturated with the restlessness, social consciousness and ambitions connected therewith, is simply to continue city life under more trying circumstances.

Tower Hill offers an opportunity for solitude; its pine tree sings the Emerson song:

"Put off thy years, wash in the breeze;
My hours are paceful centuries."

Its hillside wears the simple flowers that give the Wordsworth message:

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Its cows, pigs, chickens and cabbages lend themselves to Whitman's poetry:

"And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven."

The human life seeks the simplicities and the sincerities of John Ruskin and the happy vigor of Robert Browning.

Yes, there is room for golf, tennis, basket-ball, etc., etc., and the Wisconsin river is at hand for boating, fishing and swimming, but you do not want to put in all your time in pastimes. With the hills to yourself, with the quiet and the companionship conducive to the reading of good books, without hurry and without compulsion, golf appears a city affectation. Soon the river will look best from the hilltop with its thirty miles and more of horizon line, and you are willing to let most of the fish stay in the water, as they probably would anyhow.

Yes, Tower Hill invites boys and girls. It has proved its power to win the love of such, to make them glad they are there, and they leave it with regret, and have a longing to return. This is probably because the hill is genuine; it does not flatter; it does not excite; it simply welcomes and adopts.

Yes, it has a summer school, but it lasts but five weeks out of the eleven, and it is a school that exacts no tasks. It is a school that for fourteen years has tempted and delighted mothers, teachers of private, public and Sunday-schools, preachers, professors, boys and girls, young men and women, and the aged.

This year the early life of man, the "Beginnings" of the home, the church and the state will be studied graphically, with the help of picture, parable, chart and blackboard, and, on certain evenings, science, literature and religion will be presented and illustrated by lecture and lantern. All the time the master bards will be invoked. Beetle and butterfly, fern and fungi, birds, rocks and trees, represent the open book of Tower Hill "which he who runs may read."

No! Life at Tower Hill is not somber, neither is it silly; it is not dull, nor yet is it frivolous. It believes that the vacation days are too valuable to be idled away, too sacred to be wasted, and that they offer the indispensable opportunity to teacher, parent, preacher and student to regain strength, renew energy, and re-furnish the mind.

Tower Hill offers wholesome accommodation at minimum prices. It tries to put good air, good water, good food and good company at the disposal of children and adults, the weary and the vigorous. It seeks to demonstrate that the sensible life is more economic than the fashionable; that simplicity is not only helpful but cheap; that it is possible to go to the woods to find *inspiration* and not *simple enjoyment.*

For further comment on this Sermon of Tower Hill write to ***Jenkin Lloyd Jones,*** *3939 Langley avenue, Chicago.*

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF TOWER HILL.

The Encampment continues from July 1 to September 19, 1904.

Summer School, from July 17 to August 20, inclusive.

Rent of room in long house, $3 per week; $20 for the season. Tents, per week, from $2 up, according to size. Board at dining room, $4 per week.

Registration fee for the Summer School, covering all exercises, $5. Evening lectures for the season, $1. Single admission, 25 cents.

Round trip ticket from Chicago to Spring Green, special resort rates, $8.04. Bus fare from Spring Green to Tower Hill, 50 cents; trunks, 50 cents. Buckboard carrying five and driver, 25 cents each per hour.

Board and care of horse and buggy, $10 per month.

A limited number of cottages available for the season.

Spring Green, three miles from Tower Hill, is the railroad, postoffice and telegraph station. It is situated on the Prairie du Chien Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, thirty-five miles west of Madison and about 175 miles from Chcago.

For terms and further particulars address **MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN,** 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1904. NUMBER 11

Dawn.

Far seaward gleams a sail; a gull's wing dips,
And ocean-tones, attuned to whispering chords
Croon softly, where the tide comes rolling up,
In hollowed scrolls of salt and sparkling blue
Filled full with misty lilies of the foam.

ERNEEST MCGAFFEY.

That will be a great unveiling of a statue of Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the poet-novelist of Norway, at Fargo, North Dakota, May 17th. The statue is cut out of Scandinavian stone, and there is some hope that the great democrat of Skandinavia will be present in person. It is estimated that eight thousand or more inhabitants of this new Norway in the northwest will be in attendance.

Reports would indicate that the Daughters of the Revolution that recently gathered in Washington were hard to manage; that the president's gavel was much in evidence, and still they would talk. A New Jersey delegate when called down on the ground that the motion was not debatable replied to the chair, "Madam President, I do not wish to debate the question; I only want to talk about it." It is well known that men do that kind of thing, but we hoped that women would set a better example.

It is reported that a "Clarke Memorial Church" is to be erected on the Back Bay in Boston in memory of James Freeman Clarke, whom the newspaper calls the "militant parson and patriot." A patriot he doubtless was, but James Freeman Clarke was the most pacific of ministers. He represented in his theories and in his spirit a reconciling element. He could see the truth on the other side, and plead the case of his opponent. His most famous book, "The Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy," carries in its very title argument and conclusion. His is a name to conjure by, not only in Boston but in America and they will do wisely who will build a church to bear his name.

There is something very grewsome, to our mind, in the somewhat exciting debate of the Methodist brethren in their general conference at Los Angeles, over the question of individual communion cups. The "Cup" that has been a mystic link throughout the centuries, uniting high and low, emperor and peasant, saint and sinner, is now discovered to be charged with the "deadly germ" and science ungraciously confronts sentiment. Alas! for the symbol when it ceases to symbolize; for the flower when its gracious synthesis is dissected, and for poetry when it is tested by the Gradgrind tests of facts and utilities. When it comes to the "individual cup system" of advertised utilities and artistic designs, is it not time to go further and to come to some better way by which the living spirit, having escaped a dead or dying form, may again be alive, beautiful, and potent.

A vigilant reader of UNITY writes us concerning Dr. Kuh's address on Tuberculosis, printed in our issue of April 21:

"I am a vast sinner myself in the way of long sermons, but as I opened UNITY this morning and saw that five-page sermon on Tuberculosis, I said, 'How does he dare have it preached or printed?' Then I read it, and I think it ought to be *tracted* and spread abroad by the thousand copies! And if you will tract it, I will send you five dollars for a hundred copies."

Another friend seeing this note, said, "So will I." Three more suggestions of the kind will enable us to put a thousand copies in circulation and to stereotype the plates for further use. It is not only imbecile but wicked for the intelligent to idly stand with limp hands in the presence of this grim "white plague" that is devastating our country when there is a way out—at least a way up. UNITY will gladly lend itself to any co-operative action on these lines.

The Religious Education Association, in which UNITY rejoices, seems to grow apace. The proceedings of the Philadelphia convention, second annual, will be ready by July 1st and will contain six hundred pages—some eighty addresses under the general topic of "The Bible in Practical Life." Dr. Ira Landrith, 155 La Salle street, Chicago, reports membership steadily growing and expects 100 per cent of increase by the opening of the next convention in February, 1905. Three dollars per year enrolls a member and brings the printed reports. This is an academic end, as we understand it, of the cause dear to the heart of UNITY and stands for the contention of the Congress of Religion, albeit its accent as yet is more cautious, but it assumes an underlying harmony and a common ground in all religions; it knows no orthodox barrier that is fixed, although the center of its sympathies naturally falls inside of the orthodox circle, the center of which is much more easily determined than its circumference.

The *Waste Basket* is the monthly venture of the Leclaire Industrial College, located at Edwardsville, Ill., of which we have frequently spoken, and to which we now take pleasure in calling attention. The advertisement of this institution in another column calling for a competent principal, a farm manager, and young men and women over seventeen years old who wish to earn an education, and, more important, to educate their earning powers, is a dangerous venture of our brother, N. O. Nelson, who is the central spirit. May he have wisdom enough to select the right man, or perchance the right woman for their responsible posi-

tions, and may he have courage enough to say "no" to experimenters and adventurers who lack the fundamental convictions and consecrations necessary to carry this high adventure to the success it deserves. We are glad to print in another column the interesting account of the great French mechanic, Leclaire, whose name this American venture carries, written by Mr. Nelson himself.

When Miss Susan B. Anthony with her brave associates began over fifty years ago a systematic agitation for women's enfranchisement, the plea was in behalf of a suppressed and submerged sex. Woman's capacities were undeveloped; her powers untested; her social and economic rights not so much denied as ignored. They rightly asked for suffrage for woman's sake. Now the tables have been turned; woman "has the floor" quite as much if not more than man; she is heard on the civic, economic, social and ethical problems of the day more often than man, and she brings to the discussion of these questions perhaps a better trained mind and certainly a more careful immediate preparation than man. And now the most forceful plea for the enfranchisement of the woman is in the interest of the man, or rather, in the interest of the community. Then the woman needed the ballot for her development; now the state needs the woman's ballot by virtue of her development. The state is in dire need of more culture, more refinement, more grace, more conscience at the polls. It is because we believe woman is prepared to make such a contribution that we rejoice in the ever growing claim of men and women who are marching forward to victory under the banner of equal suffrage to men and women, to black and white. Whatever safeguards and restrictions it is necessary to throw around the ballot box, they are not such as can be emphasized by either a sex line, a sect line, or a race line.

The "Philippines" and the "Filipinos" are tasteless words in politics at the present time. The republicans are chastened out of the bumptious boastfulness that coupled Bibles and bullets in their missionary schemes for the Christianizing of the world; and the democrats are weary of the lurid rhetoric that assumed continuous degeneracy and a growth of the imperial passion. It is hard to fight a foe that has already surrendered; it is difficult to make political capital out of an administration that simply pathetically asks, "What is the next best thing to do?" "How best secure your end, which by common consent is assumed to be Philippine independence?" And now that this question is out of politics it is all the more in statesmanship; when it ceases to be a party cry, it becomes the source of academic anxiety, an ethical quest. Significant is the fact that over four hundred professors and instructors in Harvard, Columbia University, Amherst College and Massachusetts Institute of Technology have signed the petition to both parties at their coming national conventions to declare in favor of granting independence to the Philippine Islands. This petition up to April 15th contained the names of two prelates, thirty-six bishops, fifty-six or more college presidents, and the list is still growing. Those wishing to add their names to this benignant petition looking towards lifting the greatest ethical problem which now confronts the United States of America out of partisan politics will do well to send their names to the Philippine Independence Committee, care *Springfield Republican*, Springfield, Mass.

Jacob Riis has been in Chicago pleading for children's playgrounds, but effective as were the arguments of this prophet of the slums, who in New York has been a human section of the Divine Providence to the improvident and the neglected, they were not so eloquent as the cartoon argument of Ralph Wilder in the *Record-Herald* the day following. A dirty street, cluttered with junk, a mud-environed drinking trough for the foreground; a saloon front and the low-down news stand with its display in the window of "Hold-up Harry" and "Knee-High, the Boy Detective," numbers of the "Dare-devil Dick Library," for a background. A tired, forlorn little "codger" with tattered hat and battered toes sitting solitary on the edge of the sidewalk, with a thoughtful face resting in the palm of the dirty little hand, as he reflects, *"Maybe sometime they will be sorry they did not give me a place to play in!"* Yes, little fellow, "They" will be sorry some time, but "They" now have no time because "They" who might give you playground are too busy with ward politics, building sky-scrapers on the ground you need and exploiting profitable play-spaces into unprofitable real estate speculations. "They" are too busy attending women's clubs, writing papers on "The Neglected" and discussing the abstruse problem of domestic service. "They" are too busy saving souls from the torments of another world; too busy running oyster suppers and selling tickets in order to pay the minister's salary. "They" are too busy planning for trips to Europe and outings to seaside resorts. "They" are too busy keeping engagements with dressmakers or club dinners or taking care of their health on golf fields to attend to you, dear boy. But, laddie, pluck up courage; you may amount to something notwithstanding. Hard as your lot is, you probably are having a better time than the people who are too busy to give you a place to play in. You can at least wiggle your toes in the sunshine, and if the air is not very sweet there is plenty of it; and somewhere around the corner, not far away, is a public school and there is a schoolma'am, with clean white apron and a blue ribbon at her neck, with a gentle voice and kindly eye; she is your friend. Make friends with her; stand by her; stick to her; trust to her advice and follow her leading and it will be all right with you. If you do this perhaps when you are grown up you will see that your "kids" will be given a place to play in.

The Men have been too much neglected by the moralists and the scientists in their ethical and social studies. The newspaper teems with advice and comment to the up-to-date Woman, and is not neglectful of the needs of children, the dangers of the boy and the temptations of the girl. So it is refreshing to find an Evanston preacher frankly recognizing the fact that the non-appearance of Men at church is not wholly explained by the stereotyped charge that the church is behind the times in its methods and antiquated in

its message. He lays a portion of the fault, if fault there is, at the feet of the men themselves. The habit and training of the business world is not now and never has been conducive to spiritual meditations, to ethical enthusiasm or to social worship. If this is true, let it be said that the fault lies with men, not with spiritual aspirations or ethical problems. It is incumbent upon the man who chooses the golf links rather than the church which he affects and to the ministrations of which he generously consigns his wife and children, to prove to himself that the golf links are more vital elements in public spirit and have more to do with public morality than the church and the Sunday sanctities it represents, or else stand convicted before his own conscience of an unsocial spirit and of selfish indulgences. The argument of "health" and "nerves" and "over-work" for lusty men with ravenous appetites, ruddy cheeks, soft hands and brains that never ache from too much thought or too close study, does not let the men out. At the bar of his own conscience no modern liberality in thought, laxity in theology, or optimism concerning the general trend and the upward movement of the race will let him out of the plain obstinate fact that life is not as it ought to be; that men are not yet perfect; that "business," that cloak of many evils, that excuse for many defections, is not necessarily a means of grace and does not either excuse or correct spiritual imbecility or moral obduracy in its devotees. If there is something the matter with the men as with the women, is there not need of a new evangelism among men, business men? Let all the boys go fishing, the girls go picnicking, and the women give dinner parties on Sunday and let the church be closed; or else let the best men, the leaders in public affairs, the administrators of wealth and labor respect the benignant institutions that are so amply justified by the experiences of the centuries.

Editorial Wanderings.

"HOW FAR THAT LITTLE CANDLE THROWS ITS BEAM!"

Years ago an earnest Sunday School teacher and radical temperance worker in South Carolina was distressed over a published remark of the Rev. Howard Crosby, of New York, who though a Presbyterian seemed to entertain some unorthodox interpretations of Bible, or at least some independent methods of interpreting the New Testament. This led her to reexamine the records, to take the Bible and study it for herself. This increased her uneasiness. About this time she found in her favorite paper, the *Union Signal*, some allusion by the editor, her heroic leader, Frances Willard, to a paper published in Chicago by the name of UNITY, which bore for its motto "Freedom, fellowship and character in religion." Name and motto seemed to invite her soul and she sent for a sample copy. She read and became interested and asked for more; finally wrote to the editor for further light. He turned the letter over to the Postoffice Mission worker in connection with his church. A business request ripened into a friendly exchange of letters. The World's Fair came on apace. The South Carolina woman's theological fears had given place to theological loves. She bethought of her Chicago correspondent concerning things of the spirit and wrote asking if it were possible to find convenient rooms with a congenial host, where in addition to the study of the great exhibit she might widen her acquaintance with the cause which UNITY stood for and strengthen the fellowship with those who believed in "Freedom, fellowship and character in religion." Fortunately the Chicago correspondent had a new house and she said, "Come and stay with me." So the South Carolina correspondent came, bringing her husband and a neighboring widow, who also had enlarged her Methodism and outgrown its doctrinal bounds along the same lines and with much the same helps as her neighbor. The three Carolinians went to the Fair during the week days, attending All Souls Church on Sunday mornings, visited the art galleries in the afternoon and studied pictures with the help of the pastor, and once dined with his family. They returned to their Carolina home, started a little Unity Circle to read and then to circulate helpful books. George Chaney's Unitarian church at Atlanta added a member or two to the Circle, and once in a great while he or some of his representatives swung around to the Carolina town, made a few calls, read a paper or preached a sermon. The Unity Reading Circle developed into a Unity Library. Various Unitarian women alliances from the east became interested, sent magazines and books. The widow died and left her pretty home in an ample yard and thirty thousand dollars in money for the perpetuation and enlargement of the library, which now incorporated under a Board of Trustees, assumed the name of the benefactor. Querulous relatives succeded in breaking the will so that the money bequest fell through, but the title to the homestead was good. So the library moved into the front room of the homestead, the librarian and her mother residing in the other rooms. Now the library numbers six or seven thousand volumes. It is the circulating library of the town, waiting and working for the funds that surely will come to build a worthy building to house it all.

During the editor's wanderings he was booked to lecture in the pretty town of Greeneville, S. C., and unexpectedly fell upon this pretty true story, which was touched for him with peculiar pathos. He entered the town a stranger but soon was delighted to find himself the guest of loving friends who welcomed him into the cordialities of the home circle and into the confidences of the spiritual life. One member of this little group is the only woman president of a cotton mill in the world, the woman who has successfully managed such a mill for fourteen years, the wheels of which were not stopped when the father's hand fell lifeless. The paternal hand had been trained to mill work in Massachusetts. He went south soon after the war and became a pioneer in the cotton mill industry of South Carolina. His daughter, then young, went from under the training of James Freeman Clarke; married an ex-confederate officer, who, dying soon after, she was left to represent both father and husband, not only in the industrial world but in the world of culture, of civic life, and progressive ideas. The editor was welcomed by this president of clubs and promoter of federations on the basis of an acquaintance cherished by

her but unknown to the editor, formed on Sunday afternoons in the Dutch gallery of the art exhibit of the Columbian Exhibition.

Thus it is that the subtle shuttle of life weaves the fabric of history in which each individual life constitutes a single thread. Surely we may ask and marvel at the unanswered question—

"How far that little candle throws its beam!"

THE RAILROADS.

No one physical evidence of the unparalleled development of the South and the rapid rise of the republic of cotton is more striking than the improvement in railroad transportation. The old ramshackle cars, a rolling stock in more senses than one, the deliberate schedules ruthlessly broken, that was the characteristic of southern railways during the first twenty years after the war, has given way to sumptuous Pullman trains, splendidly ballasted tracks, lightning expresses that go thundering through the valleys and over the hills of the Blue Ridge range. "Here she comes; you bet it's on time! I tell you, a man's got to own his own house to ride in that train," chuckled the porter as the Atlanta Special came thundering in to the minute. This improvement witnesses not only to the material prosperity of the South, but to the economic triumph of the principle of combination. For a month we rode hither and yon, through Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, in and out, up and down, and we were scarcely off the Southern Railroad System which divides with the L. & N. and the Georgia Railroad nearly the whole southern territory. Doubtless there are merger stories that suggest hardships and wrongs to many individuals, but there is no doubt that the merging has been beneficent to the public and is a special providence to travelers.

Now what is economically right must eventually be made ethically noble. It is the old problem of how to supplant competition by combination and at the same time preserve the democracy of our institutions, the integrity of courts and legislatures, and secure an equitable distribution of earnings.

His Tomorrow.

"My tomorrow," he would say,
"My tomorrow's on the way."

Even while his head was bowed
With the weight of fret and care,
Still he faced the gloomy cloud
With a brave, expectant air.
Yet each cloud that, deep and gray,
Swept its arms across the sun,
Melting into yesterday
Gave place to another one.

Still contentedly he'd say:
"My tomorrow's on the way."

All his days and all his years
Seemed made up of bitter stuff—
Winds of doubts and rains of tears.
Sunshine? Never half enough.
Never any rift of gold
Showed within the somber shade
Of his life, but it grew cold
In the dark that bade it fade.

Still he said: "I'll have my day;
My tomorrow's on the way."

His "tomorrow!" Ah, we know
How his eyes sometimes would strain
Searching in the twilight glow
After hours of silent pain—
We, who saw his happy smile
When he closed his eyes, and sighed:
"My day's coming, after 'while;
My tomorrow——" Then he died.

Surely his "tomorrow" dawned
Somewhere in the great beyond.

—*W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.*

Leclaire.

Leclaire, the French mechanic, is one of the world's nobility who are great in common things. There are the Napoleon class and the Salvation Army class. Between the two is the class who have ideals and apply them in their own daily affairs. Leclaire was an uneducated house painter. When he became a master and gained profits he divided them with the men who did the labor. He said they would earn the share they got by doing better work. Participation became the watch word. He first set up a mutual aid society to which a part of the profits were assigned, and this society later became a partner in the business and the distribution of a growing proportion of the profits.

Leclaire was born in the interior of France in 1801, went to Paris and learned the house painting trade. At 26 he set up for himself and prospered. In 1842 he adopted a complete plan of sharing profits with his employees. He died in 1872, some years after retiring from the business which had passed wholly into the hands of the employees and which for half a century have numbered between 800 and 1,200 workmen.

Leclaire was one of those who have ideals and also the common sense needed to use them. Most men get their ideals swamped in the struggle for profits or submerged in the scramble for salaries and wages, Leclaire thought there was enough for all if everyone got his share of earnings. He also believed that a man would do more and better work if he got paid accordingly and so make a better living without taking it out of somebody else's living. Starting with the idea that provision for sickness and old age was more important than daily income, he got the men to organize a Mutual Aid Society to which he as well as they contributed.

When he took up the profit sharing plan the money was paid directly to the men. But he saw that this only went into higher living, leaving the men worse off if change of times or employer cut them down to regular wages or short time. He elaborated the functions of the Mutual Aid Society so that it should be made up of three classes of employees, according to length of service. It should in time own a controlling share in the business and dispose of the profits as the majority thought best. This might be for the support of disabled members, for loans to build homes, for education and for cash distributions. The society is its own master, a democracy in industry.

Leclaire distrusted the actual management of the business by the employees and therefore provided that there should always be private partners in control, but when a vacancy occurred it should be filled by a choice of the Mutual Aid Society. These partners are the masters as completely as any private proprietor, but receive together only one-fourth of the profits. Thus there is concentrated and permanent management but for common benefit. Through the ups and downs of Parisian politics and business this concern "The Ancient House of Leclaire" has maintained its prominence and prosperity, justifying the faith of its founders, that an equitable division of earnings was as sound economically as it was fair in equity.

Paris has honored the name and career of Leclaire by giving his name to a prominent street.

Soon after the founding of Leclaire, Ill., the employees of the parent house sent a memorial of acknowledgment signed by about 800. Later, in 1893,

they presented Village Leclaire with a very fine and valuable bronze bust of Leclaire after first exhibiting at the World's Fair. N. O. NELSON.

From the Waste Basket for May.

"The Fine Art of Living."

We hear much in these days of the "fine art of living," and it is well that we should do so, and yet, with it all, how far are we ahead of our ancestors in this art? How much more are we doing to make all around us happy and helpful than they did? How much more than did they do we feel our duties and our responsibilities? We have made great and astounding progress in many ways, but has our inner life, our life of heart and of conscience, kept pace with the outer development and advance? Is our life more beautiful, more good? Does it tell more for the real things, the everlasting things, than did the life of the intelligent man or woman of fifty or one hundred years ago?

Dr. E. E. Hale, in a Sunday night address before the students of Yale, deplores "the lack of a feeling of duty in our daily life," and thinks it may be attributed to the fact that "the pulpit in New England was for fifty years telling the individual to save his own soul, and that he had nothing to do but to save his soul." He adds, "That sort of preaching is, happily, now at an end. The pulpit today is urging our duty to others and does not restrict it to salvation." And this fact alone shows improvement. Like dear old Father Taylor who, when asked by an overzealous brother if "he was sure of his soul's salvation," replied he "had been so busy in caring for the souls of others he had had no time to think whether he had a soul or not." And surely one who thus gives himself to good works need have no fear nor anxiety for himself, since the best development, the surest and sweetest soul growth, must ever come through loving, faithful service to our kind, through the giving of self in unstinted measure to a brother's need. By thus doing, life is indeed made a fine and most beautiful art.

"Act well your part," we are told, but we must do more than to "act" a part—we must *be* that part—be true and manly, and unspotted of the world." We must live too deep, too close to the great fountain of life and love to know any lack for ourselves, or for others. Life, if rightly lived, is an ever-growing blessing, an ever-deepening delight; an art in which, if we are true to our time and our opportunity, we shall make constant and beautiful progress. We could not, if we would, live alone. We could not, if we would, keep our lives from impinging upon the lives of others. Like links in a chain we are joined one to the other, the strength of each one depending upon all the others, and of all upon each one, none being stronger in the last analysis than the weakest link in the chain, and none more useful or more needed than the other. Bound irrevocably to our brother man, we go on and on with ever increasing awe and wonder at the wisdom and beauty of our father's plan, with ever increasing thankfulness and joy in the love that surrounds and upholds us. Each day brings its work and the strength with which to do it. With Longfellow we learn to "Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it alone is thine; go forth to meet the future with a brave heart and a steadfast hope," though more and more, we are coming to know that now—today—is all the time we have—all we can ever have, for the future—yea, eternity itself—is but a succession of todays. George Klingle beautifully says:

> "God broke our years to hours and days,
> That hour by hour, and day by day,
> Just going on a little way,
> We might be able all along,
> To keep quite strong."

It is only as we forget this, only as we burden ourselves with the weight of another day's pain or trial that we become weary and disheartened. If we live well today, if we meet our duties and our responsibilities bravely and discharge them lovingly today, if today we "withhold not our hands from helping" any who have need of us, today shall the blessing be given us.

We are slowly learning that we need not and should not grow old in the ordinary acceptance of the word. The days will pass on, the years count off one by one, but spirit is eternal youth and knows not age, nor decay; and those who live "in spirit and in truth" will but ripen and become fit for the next stage of development, and, dropping the "garment of flesh" that so encumbers and limits them, will go on to newer, higher life and duty, to sweeter, more sacred joys and delights, but will it not be still but one little day, or, if there be no night and day there, one little space of time in glad repetition for each of us, and is it not, or here or there, but the learning how best to use this little space of time that makes up the true art of living?

What is art, anyway? Does not "Fra Albertus" truly define it when he says, "Art is the expression of man's joy in living, the beautiful way of doing things"?—the beautiful way of loving and serving, moment by moment, throughout eternity! This art we must each learn to perfection ere we can come fully to our own of Truth and Love. This art life is teaching through all the experiences that come to us—through the joys and the sorrows, through the successes and the failures, through the bright days and the dark days alike. Nothing fails of its purpose or is in vain. Love watches over all and leads all to final success and rest, for in the vocabulary of God there is no such word as failure—no flaw in his perfect plan. Love teaches us the grandeur and beauty of life and work. It helps us to put all that is best of thought and feeling, all that is purest and holiest, all that is sweetest and gladdest into our work, expressing through it all our hope and faith, all our love and peace, all our thought of God and man. All that we can ever do or be will be but a reflection of the God within us—a foreshadowing of his love and goodness, and heaven will be heaven to us each just in proportion as we learn to live in love and helpfulness one to the other.

We must earn our rest by giving rest to another. We cannot drink of the full cup of love save as we first hold it to another's lips. We cannot have life and joy in life save as we help to give life and joy. The needy brother sits ever by the "gate Beautiful;" the sick and helpless wait beside the pool of healing, waiting for the help we can give, the help we must give, ere we can pass through to the joys on the other side. Let us give freely, lovingly, with no thought of selfish gain or blessing. In forgetting self in loving service to others lies the highest joy, and in giving most we shall receive most, and thus learn in very truth "the fine art of living."

FLORENCE SHAW KELLOGG.

Fay, Kansas.

A Chicago daily says that "the president of a northern university who cannot beg is obliged to resign." We hope it is not so bad as that!

The Minister.

The minister is a man with other men, but he should live on the best side of his manhood.

The minister is one with a message of life in love and service for time and beyond time.

The minister who has no heresies will have something worse.

The minister who caters to the rich will become poor and everybody will know it.

The minister who watches his own heart will have little cause to blame others.

The minister who seeks life will be a power of life to his people.

The minister who is honest with his own soul will find other souls honest with him.

The minister as naturally seeks light as the plants and flowers, and has use and beauty accordingly.

The minister's watchwords are prayer, purity, purpose; the illumination of his life God, Jesus, immortality.

The minister who forgets self in thought of others is, after all, the real minister.

The People.

The people are men and women drawn together for the help and cheer a church may be to them.

The people of a church can be very respectable—and nothing else worth speaking of.

The people of a church can be poor and yet enjoy constantly a rich feast of holy things.

The people who go to church for the love of worship carry their church everywhere.

The people whose hearts are thirsty for truth, pronounce the preacher eloquent who meets that want.

The people who praise a sermon of words—and church choirs for a fine performance—are yet very much of the world.

The people who give in love to ideal things have beauty in their homes, according to their spirit.

The people who consider men first and things when they have time, are among the "blessed."

The people who bear and forbear with each other—and more particularly with the minister—have a great likeness to the angels we wish to see, and make something of the heaven we would like to enjoy. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

"Thoughts in Verse and Prose," the little memorial volume of Walter Bissinger, referred to in our last week's editorial note, is for sale at Brentano's, 200 Wabash avenue, Chicago, at $2. The receipts from the sale are to be devoted to the Iroquois Mercy Hospital fund.

Correspondence.

IS IT GENUINE?

Is that a new "Browning poem" which you re-printed from the *Critic* in UNITY of April 21, or—Mr. Furnival notwithstanding—*a very good imitation?*" I think it is too like himself to be an original! Would Browning have imitated himself so nearly? An exact copy of a signature hints forgery. W. C. G.

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THE PULPIT.

The Water of a City and the Water of Life.

A SERMON BY HENRY M. SIMMONS OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

I take the biblical text (2 Kings, 2:19);—"The situation of this city is pleasant, but the water is naught." The Septuagint gives it, "The water is bad"; and Josephus adds that it was "of a sickly and corruptive nature." The city here described was ancient Jericho. Its situation was indeed pleasant, and no less important, at the mouth of the pass leading from the Jordan valley up to Jerusalem. Hence it became prominent in the biblical story. Near Jericho the Israelites are said to have made their famous crossing of the Jordan, when the river stopped and "rose up in a heap," so that they passed through dry, and Joshua set up a pile of stones in the river bed as a memorial. Jericho was also the city whose walls, at the sound of the shouting and rams' horns, "fell down flat," and the Israelites entered and "utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both young and old, with the edge of the sword." It was also near Jericho that Elijah ascended to heaven in the chariot of fire. And it was while waiting for the return of the fifty men sent out to see what had become of him, that Elisha was asked by the men of Jericho to purify its unhealthy water. He did so by some salt, prayers and manual operations; and Jericho henceforth became famed for its good water supply and its health.

I have said so much about Jericho on account of its parallels with Minneapolis. Here, too, the early settlers found a river which, to a philosophic view, was as sacred as the Jordan. Indeed the great Mississippi, with its wealth of waters brought from so far and dropped in life-giving rain to refresh so many thousands of farms, then rolling its long way to the Gulf and sustaining cities on its banks, would seem a more blessed stream than the little Jordan, ending so quickly in the Dead Sea. And all the more blessed and divine because it never shows any of that supernatural irregularity told of the Jordan. For the best thing about a river is that it is regular, so that men can trust its service, and feel sure that it will never stop or stand in heaps. Or rather, shall we not say that our river, with all its irregularities, has been made to stop and stand;—and to much better purpose than in the old story, since it has thereby been made to work, not only for the people here, but for the world? In looking at the dams on our river, holding back and heaping up the water, and thus making them grind grain to feed millions of men all the way from here to the Jordan, one feels that this is a far better stopping of the stream.

We may not be able to walk dry through the bed of the river; but we do not need to with our many bridges. And the building of those bridges and other works was quite as notable as Joshua's deeds. That pile of stones which he is said to have raised in the bed of the Jordan is no longer seen, but every day we see and pass over a great pile and pier of stone raised by men who worked not merely for a few minutes in a dried river bed, but for months beneath that bed, and with the river itself rolling above their heads. Nor was even this so wonderful as that great wall built beneath our river, from side to side, to hold up its bed. The blowing down of Jericho's walls in the story, even if they had stayed blown down, was much less interesting and blessed than work right here, blowing up the rock foundations of the earth, and building them into walls to stop

the river and keep it waiting for work, and even to hold up its bed while working. And the whole story of Joshua utterly destroying the city, seems much less sacred than that of men building our city to bless millions beyond the sea, and to bring work, wealth, comfort and beauty here. For here, too, the beauty has come and we can say, "the situation of this city is pleasant."

But alas, we have to add the rest of the text, that its "water is bad." For in this respect the town has not kept pace with its other improvements. It naturally began to take its water from the river when the city was small, and when it was supposed, too, that rivers rapidly purified themselves. For long ago Dr. Letheby, of the Royal Commission for the Water Supply of London, argued that the organic matter of sewage would be oxidized and disappear while the river was flowing a dozen miles or so. But his argument has not stood the test, and a commission afterwards reported that the sewage would not disappear in a flow of 160 miles, and that there was not a river in the United Kingdom long enough to purify it. Even though our river could do much better than this, and destroy it in fifty miles, it would still keep it down to Hastings and further. But Minneapolis, with its proverbial enterprise and promptness, did not wait for the water to get there or anywhere, but took it from the heart of the town. And although there was afterwards opened a new station further up the river, even that did not get pure water. For above that are many towns and settlements pouring their poisons and pollutions into it. Besides this are all the organisms that at times infest the river. One of our city health reports tells how, a few years ago, water from various parts of the city showed an average of 20,000 bacteria to the teaspoonful, while that from a hydrant on Nicollet avenue showed over 40,000.

I would not tell these things to frighten people, for fright may be as dangerous as bacteria. Indeed, they are common enough; and a healthy man will be ready to swallow a few thousand more or less rather than criticise our city institutions. Most of us escape this danger, and after our familiarty with them here for so many years, we do not need to get in a panic about them. Still they are the known agents of many diseases, and have without doubt brought many deaths this winter. It is plainly proper in a sermon, and a part of religion itself, to work against them. For health, too, is a holy thing, and the very word "holy" comes from the same root as "hale" and "healthy." Work for the public health is always true religion. And just as in the story, while those fifty men were searching to find out what the Lord had done with that chariot of fire, Elisha spent his time in purifying the water of that city; so today, while priests are engaged in researches about the Lord, the true prophets will see that it is more religious to try and purify the water of ours.

But how shall it be done? Our water is plainly too bad to be purified by a little salt and praying, like that in the story. Indeed, it is well to remember Josephus's words, that Elisha added "operations of his hands after a skilful manner." Doubtless here, too, the use of hands and skill is the thing most needed.

Different methods have been proposed, but the one that seems to be the most in favor now is by filtering; and I noticed that most of the speakers the other night urged some system of "sand filtration." There is little doubt that such a system could be made successful, as seems to have been proved beyond question by the great city of Hamburg, which took its waters from the Elbe, as we from the Mississippi. But we must add that such a system is by no means easy, and is not likely to be successful in an ordinary Western town. Read Dr. Koch's statement of the conditions and extreme cautions that were necessary, or Dr. Albert Shaw's account of the costliness of the Hamburg system. We cannot escape the fear that, although our river might be thus purified, it is not at all likely to be by a filtration system that may be adopted, especially if such a system is devised and executed by municipal politicians. Indeed, our present reservoir illustrates this. Immense money was spent to force water to those heights miles away, where it was going to be purified by a fine filtering plant; but, after all, the filtering plant was not put in. Even if it had been, there is little reason to hope that it would have been built and managed well enough to secure the desired result.

In fact, it is going to be very difficult and almost impossible to purify our river, with so many factories and towns upon it, growing more abundant every decade. The Mississippi is itself the sewer of all the region it runs through, and must inevitably remain such. It would seem better not to try to get our drinking water from this sewer, but from elsewhere. There seems also to be plenty in the state. No other state in the Union has so many lakes as Minnesota,—several thousands of them and mostly clear. It is very evident that the Creator never intended that we should take 40,000 bacteria to the teaspoonful.

Of course it is a costly undertaking to bring water from far away, but other cities have done it. See Glasgow bringing its water 35 miles from Loch Katrine, or Marseilles bringing its water 60 miles through mountains requiring 45 tunnels. Or see the aqueducts of ancient Rome, whose ruins today are among the most striking monuments in Italy. There was the Aqua Martia, 30 miles long, most of it underground, and the rest on walls and arches. There was the Aqua Claudia, bringing water from 45 miles away, built in the time of the apostles, yet in use today. In the same period was built another to bring water 60 miles, and along with the previous one borne on a chain of arches sometimes over 100 feet high. Rome's 14 aqueducts are said to have borne twice as much water as London gets now. Good water, too, for the Romans looked to that, and stigmatized one that brought an inferior quality by a name which ought not to be translated in the pulpit, but which they pronounced in good Latin, "Aqua Damnata." They would probably have called ours "Aqua Damnatissima."

When we hear of these works of ancient heathen we lose some of our disposition to boast. When one reads in advertising books of our hundred miles and more of water-mains, he feels tempted to ask: "But what is in them?" When a single teaspoonful is so bad, it is no consolation to be told that we can be supplied with 40,000,000 gallons of it a day. To apologize for an evil by telling how much we have of it is like the persuasive peddler telling his customers that he lost money on every razor he sold, but saved himself by selling so many. I wish the same principle would work in our bountiful supply of water, but it doubtless does not, and the badness of the water is not made any better by there being so much of it. Of course we criticise it only for drinking purposes. For its vast benefits in watering streets and lawns and washing everything that needs it, we will be thankful. But for drinking we must have something better. We must have it not merely in the name of health, but of temperance. For who can conscientiously urge a man to forsake his beer or wine, if the only drink we can offer him in its place is swarming with pollution? It would seem that the most rigid teetotaler might be almost willing to have our river undergo that New Testament miracle, and be turned into wine. It would

of course be better to have it turned into water, but this, too, would seem to require something of a miracle in the present state of things.

But even if both these methods fail,—if we cannot on one hand get the river filtered, and cannot on the other afford pure water from a distance, there still seems to remain some hope for a third method combining the desired aims of the other two, and without the cost of either. Less than ten years ago, our eminent State Geologist printed over his own name a paper arguing that we already have a reservoir provided by nature herself, not only kept always full, but always filtered,—a reservoir not only larger but purer than any lake in Minnesota;—and yet not lying far off, but right under our feet, and ready to overflow abundantly with very little pumping. He said we have not far beneath us here a stratum of St. Peter's sandstone some 160 feet thick, and about 200 feet below that another of St. Croix sandstone several hundred feet thick; that this sandstone extends miles and miles beyond us in every direction and that it always "will be found to contain an inexhaustible supply of pure water." He said probably 100 wells had already been sunk into this sandstone, and in every case "a copious supply of pure water has been obtained." That at the West Hotel alone, according to the figures given, could furnish so much that only fifteen like it would have been required at that time to supply the whole city. Nor was there any danger that this reservoir would give out, for it was constantly filled from the Mississippi itself, and as it was lower than the Mississippi, would outlast it. Said Prof. Winchell: "The Mississippi at the Falls of St. Anthony would dry up and disappear sooner than this subterranean water supply." Said he again: "I have been consulted many times as to the probable permanence of water from this sandstone, and I have invariably assured the owners that they cannot possibly exhaust it. It is apparent that any number of wells could be sunk to this sheet of water, and that all the pumps that man could apply would not lower it materially, an inch or a hair's breadth."

So inexhaustible, according to the state geologist, is the reservoir we have, already provided right under our feet, already purified by that same "sand filtration" which was urged the other night. It needs wells of only a few hundred feet to reach it; and it is easily pumped, since it of itself rises nearly to the surface. It would seem that this great filtered reservoir, so near us and so accessible, should, at least, be taken into consideration in the present discussion of our water problem.

In concluding a discourse on this problem, a preacher naturally adds that the same principles also apply to the problem of what religion is wont to call *"the water of life."* This more spiritual water is usually sought today in the great stream of church teaching and tradition, which has flowed down through so many centuries, like a river, widening as it goes. This stream has indeed been a noble one, blessing many lands and times; and its source in Jesus' words and spirit is purer and more refreshing than the Northern sources of the Mississippi. But, like that stream, it has been corrupted in its long course. This is, indeed, a natural result in religion. It is a natural result in every earnest movement. However purely such a movement begins, still as it flows on, spreading, growing stronger, and used by selfish men to turn their mills, it grows corrupt. We know how it is with a political party. They start with some little band of purest souls and loftiest principles, ready to suffer shame and death for the abolition of some slavery and establishment of some right. But they grow powerful only to float some partisan movement, and to be used by many an unprincipled man, whose highest aim is to make some favorite a president or postmaster, or to make himself senator or city scavenger.

The same tendency is inevitable in religious movements, too. As they grow popular and powerful, they grow poorer in principle. Even Christianity,—though so pure in its source in Jesus' sermon and spirit, and in the brotherly love in the church for a century after,—as natural and free and refreshing as a mountain stream,—has yet shown the inevitable changes of a stream. In its long course through the foothills and flats of history, it has lost its freshness. It has here and there spread and stagnated through malarious marshes of folly and bogs of bigotry. It has here and there been stopped by some ecclesiastical dam, built to frighten and force men to turn the free water of life into a water-power, which could run the machinery of some church, or grind out gain for some prince or pope or priesthood. It has been poisoned by many an unjust and cruel doctrine. It has been polluted by the drainage of many a foul field in both Catholic and Protestant lands. So the Christian stream has lost its original clearness, as really and as much as our Mississippi. It has become more unlike the religion of Christ himself than the water from that Nicollet Avenue hydrant was unlike a mountain spring.

But what is to be done about it? A large part of the clergy in the church favor the system of filtration. They say, revise the creeds and confessions, repudiate the bad acts of the church, strain out the corruption as well as we can. But this has come to be a difficult process;—and often, as in the case of our reformed reservoir, the filtering plant doesn't get put in. Hence many people want to go behind all these corruptions to the early church; just as many want to get our water by drawing from the Mississippi River above Rum River. Many go much further, and would give up the Christian stream altogether. They would get their water of life from some other religion or theosophy or philosophy of some kind, from India or Egypt or somewhere far away in place or time; just as many would get our city water from some distant lake.

But others say we need not go so far, or be at any such trouble. They say the best truth taught in Christianity and all other religions and philosophies, is still revealed around us in the life and thought of the day,—in every word of truth, in every work of justice, in every wish of love. It came in those ancient religions in one degree or another;—but it still comes in our own thoughts and feelings, fresh as the morning dew and summer showers. It comes as copiously in the modern European as in the ancient Indian mind,—as purely in America as in Palestine;—just as the hill-side streams and springs in Minnesota are quite as pure as the water of the sacred Jordan or Sea of Galilee.

Even more, beneath these fresh showers of knowledge and thought, below these surface springs of local life and sentiment, there lies a great reservoir of moral principles, accumulated in the ages, and embedded in our very nature. It is partly filled from the great river of Christian history,—as that beneath our feet is from the Mississippi; but it has been filtered by centuries of experience and thought, and saturates the very foundations of our souls,—as a great lake of the water of life underlying us all. And a like one underlies all upright men everywhere,—Christian, Hebrew, Mohammedan or Heathen:—just as God's good waters are the same the world around—whether in America or India or the sacred well of Jacob himself. The water of life underlies humanity everywhere, and needs only to be lifted to the surface.

This seems to be about what Jesus himself taught, in that conversation at Jacob's well with the woman of Samaria. She, like so many simple women and men

then and ever since, thought religion was a thing of little names and peoples and places. But Jesus, in a few words which Renan calls the best ever uttered about religion, told her that it was world-wide, and that "neither in this mountain (of Samaria), nor yet at Jerusalem" was it any holier than elsewhere. For, added he, "the hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the father in spirit and in truth,"—or, as an old manuscript reads, "in the spirit of truth." True worship was as wide as truth;—and the water of life did not have to be sought in old wells, but was welling up in every honest soul. Turning to the water which she was drawing from that venerable well of Jacob, Jesus said that "whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again"; but the true well will be no ancient or distant one, but "shall be in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life." It must be found in the depths of his own nature,—within him springing up with everlasting life.

"Springing up"; for, even better than this lake beneath us, the water of life does not have to be pumped. Much that is called so does. A fashionable church, with its frescoed walls and fine music and sumptuous pews and sensational preaching and devices of all sorts to draw the people, does sometimes suggest the pumping system, with wheezing pistons to lift piety to an unnatural level, and cunning valves to keep it from backsliding. How refreshing to turn from all such things to Jesus' representation of the water of life, as needing no artificial elevation, but natural and "springing up" of itself, like a flowing well.

Such a well may, in religion as in life, have to be drilled deep to strike the flowing fountain. This is sometimes done by deep thinking. The church often warns against this intellectual digging and drilling, as likely to leave the soul to die of thirst, and perhaps to perish from the infernal fire. Yet often the drill of deeper thought, though at first finding only dry rock, at length strikes the divine springs, and finds refreshment and a fuller life:—like the artesian well that bursts forth to flow above the house-tops for centuries. And not only by deep thinking, but by deep feeling and experience, the same result is often reached, and the water of life bursts forth.

Nay, it is reached in common daily experience;—like all the millions of natural springs bursting forth on the farms and hillsides; or like all the forests, in whose every tree and bush, the water is of itself all the summer "springing up unto life";—or like those dews and rains and rivers, which have all come from the water of the seas, "springing up" of themselves, and often miles above the tree tops, by the mere lifting power of the natural and silent sunshine. These springing waters of Jesus' talk are true enough, and found everywhere in nature. The same power that works in sunshine and trees and springs, works in us, too. As the seas beneath the sky, as the sap within the maples, so beneath and within every man lies a divine fountain, which has only to be kept open, with honesty and love, to become "within him a well of water springing up unto eternal life."

Higher Living—XLI.

To run over better waters, the little vessel of my genius now hoists its sail, and leaves behind itself a sea so cruel; and I will sing of that sacred realm where the human spirit is purified and becomes worthy to ascend to heaven.—*Dante.*

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest in each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?—*George Elliot.*

I will tell you, dearest, your good is my good, and your will mine; if you are convinced that your good would be promoted by our remaining as we are for twenty years instead of one, I should endeavor to submit to the end.—*Browning.*

To love unsatisfied the world is mystery, a mystery which love satisfied seems to comprehend. The latter is wrong only because it cannot be content without thinking itself right.—*Bradley.*

Why shouldn't we rejoice as much at a non-marriage as a marriage? When we consider the enormous risks people take in linking their lives together, after not half so much thought as goes to an orninary horse trade, I think we ought to be glad when they don't do it.—*Howells.*

If any man is able to convince me and show me that I do not think or act right, I will gladly change. For I seek the truth by which no man was ever injured.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

And may the gods grant thee thy heart's desire; a husband and a home, and a mind at home with his may they give—a good gift, for there is nothing mightier and nobler than when a man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house, a grief to their foes, and to their friends great joy; but their own hearts know it best.—*Homer.*

In order that marriage may reasonably be prophetic of success, it must be safeguarded from generation to generation by the discovery and subsequent recognition of certain intelligible conditions outside the bearing of which, it may be supposed, people cannot safely entrust themselves. Remembering that the relationship is always so close, so continuous, and so mutually impressive that eventually each party necessarily yields more or less to the influence of the other's personality, for good or ill, and to a degree unknown elsewhere, these limits, so far as known, or so far as future study may disclose them, should be thoroughly respected, save in perhaps a very few exceptional cases. Nor is the vital importance of this much weakened by the fact that, as yet, these limits have not been fully or definitely ascertained. Unfortunately there has never been the accurate and methodical observation and record of people's lives for successive generations that will some day be demanded in this connection. Yet, attentive study of the matter for many years has brought to light certain things that go to show that there actually are such conditions, and that these, if properly heeded, will at once prove to be safer, by far, than any sort of blind assurance or chance-taking, whatever.

In the first and most obvious place, people with certain diseases, and with marked tendencies to certain kinds of disease, should not marry, no matter what the personal inclination may be. Already the law forbids this to some extent. It will not be many decades when legal prohibition will extend to all who physically or mentally are demonstrably not fit for such responsibilities. Especially will this hold true in the case of those people who either willingly or unwillingly contract those diseases and induce those exhausted conditions which are not only incurable but which certainly jeopardize the health, longevity, and happiness of themselves, their companions, and their progeny. If it be right to condemn homicide and suicide, it certainly is quite as right to provide against fatally jeopardizing life, especially unborn life, either by specific disease or by irrecoverable exhaustion. Sentiment here justifies not love, but right. And some day this right will prevail.

Again, it may profitably be affirmed that it is very probable, indeed it is quite certain, that two people contemplating marriage may be so disproportionate as seriously to endanger both permanency and prosperity from the very first. When this is the case, there is not only the probability that very painful and exhaustive physical disease will result, but that a most ungovernable devisive, if not destructive, antipathy may develop as well. As simply a matter of reason this might seem to be unquestionably

probable. Observation shows that it is a fact of a most serious order. Again, a happy marriage is much more probable where there is not too great a disparity of ages. Of course, old people somewhat frequently marry young ones, and the outcome occasionally seems to be satisfactory to both parties. But it holds more generally that the older party enters into the contract with certain anticipations, perhaps based upon actual knowledge, which render the outcome to the younger party, often with little or no knowledge at all, not very much above a veritable imposition, so far as future possibilities are concerned. Probably a difference of ten or at most fifteen years represents a limit that ought not frequently to be transcended. And even this disparity requires that many extra precautions and much extra preparatory intelligence on the part of those concerned shall always be heeded.

Common observation reveals the danger which likewise arises from certain too marked differences as to taste, disposition, ideals, former associations, and the like. If there be too great disparity in any one or more of these respects something untoward is quite apt to result, either to the contracting parties themselves or to their children, or to both. Of course, the best things of life come only as the result of contrast, and in marriage this principle of contrast undoubtedly plays a most important part, and frequently for good. But here it is not the contrast founded upon too definite habits, too special tendencies, too sharp-angled individualities, too conventioal differences, and the like, so much as those that are naturally founded upon certain differences which are presented by truly opposite-sexed personalities. Such personalities, if at all fully developed, usually present all the contrasts which married life primarily needs. The trouble is not, usually, that there is not enough contrast, but that there is not enough of the truly personal contrast, developed in men and women as such.

Likewise, there certainly should be a not too definite dissimilarity in mental capacity, education and discipline. Not that differences in school education necessarily constitute the danger line, but that certain vital differences in capacity and readiness to learn, in response to necessary discipline, and in power of the kind of observation, reading and thinking requisite for progressive growth of mind are hard to be patient with. If these dispositions and peculiarities are not on a somewhat similar plane, not only permanently but developmentally, then the party who excels will often tire of the companionship of the one who lacks, and the latter will likewise feel the difference so painfully, or revoltingly, that certain most natural tendencies of personal and marital danger will almost necessarily supervene, sooner or later. Strong-brained men may claim, before they know experimentally, that they prefer gentle, domestic, sweet women; and brainy women may claim that they quite prefer the simple role of being vinelike, in all the sentiment of forever clinging to one man. But practically each may find out, does often find out, that lack of companionship along lines of mutual comprehension and interest, and especially of personal strength of character, does not furnish a very safe ground for marital perpetuity and satisfaction, even where intention is good and effort is assidiuous; while it must be said that often the progeny of such people are endowed with a personality so heterogeneous and loosely constructed that they are liable necessarily to experience too much the constitutional and developmental misery and interference which is naturally derived from a too profoundly rhythmical moodiness. In some instances, certain very definite alternations in the personality itself, such as may simulate alternately the two parents from whom it has sprung, may be noted; while all such children are usually apt to be in some degree defective and likewise to develop instabilities as dangerous as they are distressing.

Again, it is demonstrated that the same often holds true with reference to the merchant, industrial and economical differences. A person naturally careful, frugal, and industrious, married to a reckless, indolent spendthrift will very probably not realize the ideal of married life to any satisfactory extent, try as he will. Nor will a generous heart and hand bound to a niggardly skin-flint be likely to do much better. Again, an easy-going, open-minded, hopeful person bound to a narrow-minded pessimist, is sure either to degenerate into some sloppy form of living, or else to realize from the daily life too much uneasiness for permanent endurance, or, possibly, both these, simultaneously. With reference to religious differences there is always a question, notwithstanding that many times these make little or no trouble. Still, when these differences are marked, and especially when these have been bred from early childhood, even though there may be no untoward outcome noticeable, yet it should be certain that either the parties are exceptionally suited to each other in nearly every other way, or else, that they have been brought up in one of those rare church circles where religion as such is happily made to be subordinate to the true Christianity in which breadth of thought and catholicity of feeling and conduct have always been encouraged. Indeed, it may be laid down as a rule that, other things being equal, truly Christian people, no matter how wide may be their merely doctrinal variations, may, in many instances, marry; while mere religionists would better always hesitate, especially if these denominational and creedal differences are at all vital to their egoism, or even their self-respect. It seems but little less than providential that the swirling floods were made to bring poor Laura Fountain's life to an end—"this last bitter resource"—before she could place hereself where the rigid narrowness of Helbeck of Bannisdale could crush her soul to miserable atoms, or where she could be tempted, possibly to derelictions beyond recall.

Finally, there is such a thing as two people loving altogether too intensely for a permanent marriage to be probable. Some lovers, although evidently so thoroughly aroused and fascinated that it is very natural to suppose that they, of all others, are just the ones to marry, and, of course, never to regret the step, yet, observation altogether too frequently shows that the future history of such people depends, nevertheless, not so fully upon this primary and emphatic passion of soul and body, as upon certain other things which, if not so intensely interesting, become yet rather more absolutely important, as the years go on. Thus, such things as heredity, temperament, education, activity and the like, are of this basic nature; and so with the question whether the fierce warmth of the initial love shall ever become the unmanageable fire of jealousy, or not. Practically, the expectant tension set up by such intense personal feelings is often so great, that it takes but very little, indeed, to bring about some sort of startling explosion which may be most direful in its ultimate effects. Hot love, may, indeed, be followed by a paradoxical chill, not only very

surprising, but frequently too blasting ever to be recovered from!

Generally speaking, then, it seems absolutely required that somewhat similar elements of prospective health, longevity, and general stability of thought and feeling on both sides, should always be sought for. Frailty, no matter how lovable, is not always assurance of a happy marriage; short life leads many, not only to sore grief and loss, but often to wretched complications, on the part of survivors; while neither a mono-idea nor a monofeeling on the one hand, nor an unsympathetic effusion of ideas and feelings on the other, can constitute the most stable ground for marital and parental life. Nor, can anything be more nagging, or more sapping of the very life itself, than for a scatter-brained, voluble egoist to be married to someone who is thoughtful, and quiet. If such things, and others suggested by them, theoretically seem not quite sufficient to make much difference, it yet is a fact that once marriage is fulfilled on any such conditions, there is likely to follow an almost unendurable round of complaint, nevertheless; while, additionally, many a health unexpectedly breaks down, many a soul goes astray, and many a life becomes ruined, simply because of just these so-called "little things" not having been thought of and guarded against.

Of course such hints as these should be taken as but feebly indicating the lines upon which the prosperity of both parents and progeny may the more safely be based, rather than as being something already perfectly enough determined to be very imperative to anyone. Everyone knows how many happy exceptions there are to each of the foregoing limitations; but this should not blind the individual or the public to the overshadowing importance of the many failures that follow, chiefly because these have not been heeded; nor should it preclude every possible effort to make such limiting suggestions and conditions as comprehensive and as accurate, and therefore as practical, as possible. It will preeminently be the task of the future social investigator and philosopher, not chiefly to dogmatize the conditions of marriage from imagined premises, but so to study the whole subject from every available point of view, that what they say will help, not so much to reform natures that are already fixed in the life of years, as to pre-form natures through right marriage and right early environment in such a way that the balance of change will, from generation to generation, be more and more improved. If it be worth while to compute to a nicety the expectation of life, in respect to its bearing upon the mere monetary cost of insurance, why is it not, at least, as much worth while to try to compute the moral expectation of marriage, especially in respect to its bearing upon such vital things as health, longevity, progeny, happiness and heaven? Surely, the claims of Higher Living justify this, even in a most detailed and practical way.

SMITH BAKER.

The Macmillan Company publish a twenty-five cent edition of Owen Wister's novel, "The Virginian." Except for the paper covers it is quite as good as the original edition. There is no reduction from the merits of the story, which is thoroughly good. More than a million readers have enjoyed it already and at least another million should be caught in the net of this new edition. Macmillan also publish a twenty-five cent edition of John Graham Brooks's "Social Unrest." This book deserves as wide a circulation as Mr. Wister's novel. It is the best contribution yet made to the discussion of our industrial problems.

UNITY

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Fifty-Second Annual Meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference,

TO BE HELD IN THE THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, MONROE STREET WEST OF KEDZIE AVENUE, CHICAGO.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,
MAY 17TH, 18TH AND 19TH, 1904.

PROGRAMME.

TUESDAY, MAY 17TH.

1:00 P. M.—Ministers' Lunch at the City Club, 178 Madison street.

Discussion, led by Rev. Charles W. Pearson, Quincy, Ill.

8:00 P. M.—At the Third Unitarian Church:

Greeting to delegates, Dr. Samuel Willard.

Fraternal greeting from the A. U. A., Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D.D., Boston, Mass.

Address, "The Minister Needed Today," Rev. Mary A. Safford, Des Moines, Iowa.

Address, "The Gospel Needed Today," Rev. J. H. Crooker, D.D., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Informal reception in church parlors to the delegates.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18TH.

10.00 A. M.—Business session.

Address of President, Mr. Morton D. Hull.

Report of Secretary, Rev. Wilson M. Backus.

Report of Treasurer, Mr. Herbert W. Brough.

Written reports of five minutes each from the State Secretaries:

Minnesota, Rev. R. W. Boynton, St. Paul.
Illinois, Rev. Ernest C. Smith, Hinsdale.
Wisconsin, Rev. F. A. Gilmore, Madison.
Michigan, Rev. Ed. H. Barrett, Sherwood.
Iowa, Rev. Mary A. Safford, Des Moines.
Ohio, Rev. Minot O. Simons, Cleveland.
Missouri Valley, Rev. Abram Wyman, Topeka.

Discussion on our organization, opened by Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Chicago, and Rev. A. M. Judy, Davenport, Iowa.

1:00 P. M.—Intermission.—Luncheon served at the church.

2:00 P. M.—"Is there an Unseen World?" Mr. J. E. Williams, Streator, Ill.

2:45 P. M.—"A Working Theory of Life," Rev. George R. Dodson, St. Louis, Mo.

3:30 P. M.—"Present Day Aspects of the Negro Problem," Mr. S. Laing Williams, Chicago.

Discussion led by Rev. Celia Parker Woolley, Chicago.

4:30 P. M.—Vesper Service, Rev. J. Lewis Marsh, Lincoln, Neb.

8:00 P. M.—Meeting in charge of the Y. P. R. U., Mr. W. E. Baker, President of the Third Church Y. P. R. U., presiding.

Addresses limited to fifteen minutes.

"The American Child," Hon. W. E. Mason, Chicago.

"The Intellectual Value of the Y. P. R. U.," Rev. J. H. Jones, St. Cloud, Minn.

"The Religious Value of the Y. P. R. U.," Rev. Adolph Rossbach, Keokuk, Iowa.

"The Call of the Church to the Young," Rev. F. C. Southworth, President Meadville Theological School.

In discussion, all speeches except the leader's will be strictly limited to five minutes.

THURSDAY, MAY 19.

Sunday-school Meeting, Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, presiding.

10:00 A. M.—Address by Rev. Edward A. Horton, D.D., President U. S. S. S., Boston, Mass.

Discussion opened by Rev. W. H. Ramsay, Louisville, Ky., Rev. E. E. Newbert, Indianapolis, Ind., and Rev. Harry White, Duluth Minn.

12:00 M.—Final business meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference.

1 P. M.—Intermission. Luncheon served at the church.

2:00 P. M.—Alliance Meeting, Mrs. E. A. Delano, Chicago, presiding.

Invocation, Rev. Marion Murdoch, Geneva, Ill.

2:30 P. M.—"What is the Alliance Doing for the Church?" Mrs. C. V. Mersereau, St. Louis, Mo.

Discussion led by Rev. A. M. Rihbany, Toledo, Ohio.

3:30 P. M.—"How to Increase the Devotional Quality of Our Church Services," Rev. James C. Hodgins, Milwaukee, Wis.

Discussion introduced by Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes, Kalamazoo, Mich.

4:30 P. M.—Vesper Service, Rev. George A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio.

6:30 P. M.—Banquet. Toastmaster, John W. Day, St. Louis, Mo. Speakers, E. A. Horton, Boston, Mass.; G. R. Gebauer, Alton, Ill.; Margaret T. Olmstead, Decorah, Iowa; John W. Cook, De Kalb, Ill.; F. A. Gilmore, Madison, Wis.

Foreign Notes.

THE BOERS AND THEIR NEED.—Toward the close of last year attention was called in these notes to the terrible destitution and suffering among the inhabitants of the vanquished South African republics and to the enthusiasm and generosity with which Switzerland was responding to Miss Hobhouse's efforts for their relief. It seems strange indeed that so little reference to the Boers is now to be found in the American press. Our publicists and editors would seem to consider their interests and condition no longer a live issue, while when one reads the harrowing details given by Miss Hobhouse and her supporters one feels that it is in many cases a matter of life and death.

Not having access to the South African or English papers that have been so boldly and persistently proclaiming the Boer needs, but getting their statements through the French, I can be sure only of the facts, not of reproducing the original English phraseology. Even so, the facts should claim attention, for the need is great and must be for a long time to come.

In a letter addressed to the *South African News*, November 25, 1903, Miss Hobhouse pays her respects to some of the English organs and individuals who had been trying to discredit her work and denying its necessity. After having passed two months in close contact with the Boer population in various parts of the former republics, Miss Hobhouse felt that she had acquired some first-hand knowledge of the condition of the country and decided to appeal for aid to the people of Cape Colony particularly, as at this time the funds from England were exhausted.

The denials and personal attacks in the form of anonymous letters and through the press only gave Miss Hobhouse opportunity to proclaim the truth and so increase the number of subscriptions to her fund.

The government of the Orange colony attempted to meet her statements by what she calls a system of telegraphic examination and announced in August and again in September, through the *Official Gazette*, that there were no cases of distress to be noted in the country. But while the magistrate of a given district was replying to the government telegram that in that region only a single family was in need a pastor's wife in the same district wrote to Miss Hobhouse: "Several families here have nothing to live on but Indian corn. My husband, assisted by the church councilor, has sent to the magistrate a list of fifty families who are in the most absolute want."

In another parish of this same district from eighty to ninety families had been dependent on charity for months and a special appeal was made to the government for aid. The local pastor writes as follows:

"With the money, food and clothing which you and your friends have sent us we have been able to relieve temporarily 194 families. But what shall I say? The want and misery are scarcely lessened, for we could give to these unfortunates only the most absolutely needful."

A charitable woman of the same district who tried to get the children of the neighborhood to attend a school opened on her own farm draws this harrowing picture. After mentioning the laudable intention of the government to provide for carrying back and forth the children living at a distance, she adds:

"There are little ones living not more than two miles from the school who would be only too glad to come and learn something, but as they have no clothing and almost nothing to eat, they have to stay away. Three mothers have been to confer with me in this matter. They tell me that in the morning they take a little corn soup, and as they have nothing to give them till evening, they fear the poor children could not stand the lack of food during school time."

However, one of the government commissioners has made a more conscientious investigation in this part of the country. He reports frightful misery; most of the people half-naked and dying of hunger, having nothing in the world but a little corn.

It is almost superfluous to give more extracts from letters. Unfortunately the statements made in the government journals have a very bad effect by misleading public opinion. For instance, reassuring telegrams in the London *Times* that have been widely reproduced in the press. I feel obliged to refer to all this, says Miss Hobhouse, having seen so much suffering and wishing to explain to those who have so generously responded to my appeal.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the position of the magistrates and commissioners in a country so different from their own is not an easy one. The Boers, on their side, feel no desire to communicate their sufferings to a stranger whose tongue they but imperfectly understand and whose brusque, peremptory ways offend men accustomed to talk to others as equals to equals.

Miss Hobhouse goes on to show that in the fall of 1902 Chamberlain publicly promised in England to provide for the support of the widows and orphans. The Boer generals who were then traveling in Europe in the hope of collecting funds gave up their trip and the burst of public sympathy was checked. With good reason it was supposed that the widows would be kept from want, and even I, she says, decided to use the money that had been given me for the benefit of other unfortunates. I soon found, however, that nothing had been attempted in that direction. In most of the districts the meager rations which had been allowed them ceased the beginning of February—and in all parishes the first of June. Furthermore, each ration was accompanied by a notice implying that soon or late it must be paid for in cash. I could but wonder how these poor widows managed to live through the severe winter; apparently it was on the very small sum remitted to them through the Boer generals.

It was, then, interesting to discover the existence—at least on paper—of the plan to which allusion has been made. Here it is:

1. Three months' free rations.
2. £10 for necessary household equipment.
3. £10 for poultry.
4. A cow and a calf.
5. A certain amount of well-cultivated land and sufficient seed to plant it.

Alas! The conclusive fact is that a year has passed since this fine promise was made and the number of widows who have even partially benefited by it is extremely limited.

While the claim is made that every case of destitution is promptly relieved if reported in the right quarter, the pastors write:

"You have no idea of the difficulty of procuring rations for those who are dying of hunger."

Another writes as follows:

"September 29 several persons applied for food; they were told: 'Come the 20th of October and we will see what we can do for you.' I suppose they were to fast till then and live on air. We sent a petition to the government. There was no response. It avails nothing to ask or to complain. May God have pity on us!"

The gifts of money from Cape Colony have saved many lives. The teams of oxen and sacks of seed have been particularly welcome. We have been able to distribute these in nineteen or twenty districts. I have been much criticised for daring to call the attention of my compatriots to the fact that women and children have had to be harnessed to the plough for want of cattle. Before members of the Synod of Dutch Churches I gave the names of fifteen families which had been pushed to this extremity. I hope this sad spectacle will no longer take place, thanks to our efforts in supplying oxen.

There are two more capital points to which I wish to call attention. It would be an immense comfort to the Boer to have a gun for the chase. In some cases the right to carry one has been granted, but his means do not permit the purchase of ammunition. In the north of the Transvaal the appearance of dangerous animals has been noted, among others lions, to say nothing of numerous monkeys and wild dogs. The lambs disappear and the proprietor is helpless to prevent these losses. A gun, too, would enable him to procure fresh meat for his family.

Finally, there is frightful distress among the blacks. Missionaries in all sections write me of the sufferings of the old, the infirm and children, though in all cases the adults work bravely. In some cases the head of families were killed during the war and hundreds perished unnoted in the Kaffir concentration camps. In the Transvaal the small incomes, the new taxes and the drouth have sadly increased their misery. So far, I believe, the government has taken no thought of these poor people, whose condition is pitied by the Boer peasant, himself reduced to the last resource.

So far Miss Hobhouse. In another column of the same

Swiss paper, *Le Signal de Genève*, Mme. Degli Asinelli, who has made the Swiss collections for the Boers, replies to the charge of the *Spectator* that her published statements are lies and calumnies. She says in part: "I start with this elementary principle that the consequences of any war are lamentable and disastrous; the South African conflict could not, from the nature and length of the struggle, fail to bring misery in its train all over the country; one cannot with impunity burn more than 40,000 farms and put everything to fire and sword; the inhabitants of a country ravaged to this extent cannot, once peace is restored, recover at once their former prosperity. Unfortunately, a new trial awaited the Boers; for months a terrible drouth prevailed, destroying the harvest, the only means of subsistence left to these unfortunates.

* * *

"Our opponents may continue to protest and try to intimidate us, but without success. They will continue to reproach us with exaggerating the evil and persistently failing to recognize what England has tried to do to ameliorate the lot of the Boers. They will talk to us of the magnanimity of the government, which consists in these three things: The camps of refuge, the rations allotted to widows, the three million pounds indemnity. But let us consider the facts in their brutal reality.

"1. The camps of refuge established for the philanthropic purpose of helping only some individuals at best to keep from want. The number of workers who could be admitted there to construct railroads was necessarily limited and when one reflects that men earned but a dollar a day and boys over fourteen half as much, and with this amount (ridiculous in a country where the very necessaries of life cost exorbitant prices) must often support large families, it will easily be seen that these camps are a palliative, not a remedy, for the frightful misery.

"2. The widows' rations. On this subject the statements are practically the same as those of Miss Hobhouse.

"3. There remains the three millions of indemnity. This is a grave question, for one may well ask where the money has gone. Cases are cited of Boers who, having surrendered during hostilities, have been partially assisted, but the great majority, not to say almost the totality, of those who fought to the end for the independence of their country have received nothing up to the present time. South African journals and liberal English organs have recounted facts brought to their knowledge by pastors worthy of credit now settled in the Transvaal. To mention one case only, I will give that of a Boer farmer who had asked for several hundred francs as compensation, a sum in no way representing the value of the goods lost, and after having been instructed to come to Pretoria to get what was due him, and lost two whole days in useless efforts and travel from office to office, received at last a check for 1s. 4d. He keeps it intact and several others have followed his example."

Commenting on UNITY'S notice of her earlier appeal, Mme. Degli Asinelli speaks of the evidences of international solidarity having reached unexpected proportions and tells of Mr. Arnold Schindler, a philanthropist of Basil, who has recently sent an appeal to the millionaires of his acquaintance. This gentleman thinks that in Switzerland, where it will never be necessary to organize commercial trusts, they ought to create one of a quite new order, viz.: a benevolence trust, and he urges the rich in his country, while still continuing to give largely to all local charities, public and private, to reserve 1 per cent of their income for the relief of distress in foreign countries. He thus indicates the basis of an international humanitarian league which, should it ever succeed, will unite the society of the future around a common ideal of kindness, justice and love. As one result of this appeal a relative of Mr. Schindler has already made a contribution of 300 francs to the Boer fund.

These details, Mme. Degli Asinelli thinks, may enable American friends to understand *why* the Swiss do not forget the unfortunate Boers, and in a letter to the Editor of UNITY she asks why this great republic should not join their smaller one in the organization of this "International Benevolence Trust." Here is a fine opening for Mr. Carnegie, but people of lesser means need not wait for him to reap the glory of making the first move.

A circular sent out by the indefatigable Swiss committee in March of this year gives citations from the most recent letters from South Africa, showing the same need; an uncomplaining people cruelly suffering for the very means of making a living.

M. E. H.

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